INTERVAL

Gone the wild day .
A wilder night
Coming makes way
For brief twilight .

Where the firm soaked road
Mounts beneath pines
To the high beech wood
It almost shines .

The beeches keep
A stormy rest ,
Breathing deep
Of wind from the west .

The wood is black ,
With a misty steam .
Above it the rack
Breaks for one gleam .

But the woodman's cot
By the ivied trees
Awakens not
To light or breeze .

It smokes aloft

Unwavering :

It hunches soft

Under storm's wing .

It has no care

For gleam or gloom :

It stays there

While I shall roam ,

Die and forget

The hill of trees ,

The gleam , the wet ,

This roaring peace .